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cutting some limbs from the alders that grew along the shore, we made a couch and threw ourselves on it to wait the arrival of the boats. The guides must make one journey for each boat and another for the baggage, and it was consequently growing late in the afternoon when we were ready to move on. It was all done at length, the boats reladen, and we resumed our journey. The little lake we were now on—called a “pond” by the guides, who never apply the former title to anything less than three miles across—was not more than half a mile wide, and was skirted by a “cranberry bog” some rods in width, whose treacherous shore passed into a fringe of white and yellow water lilies (*nymphaea odorata* and *nuphar lutea*.) We passed through it, and into another similar one, or perhaps I should more properly call it the same, the shores approaching each other very nearly about midway of its length.

On the lower division was the “camp,” a shanty of spruce bark, built just under a high bluff bank, and where the beach was higher and dryer than elsewhere. Two upright posts, about six feet high and seven or eight apart, supported a cross-piece, from which a number of poles ran back to the ground, and these again were crossed by two or three others. On this frame-work was laid the bark, forming a tolerable roof, and the ends, clap-boarded with similar strips, completed the building. There was a pile of dry grass cut from the near marsh by some luxurious hunters, and charitably left for the next comers. A few blackened brands, and a black spot on the beach, showed that fire had been made there.

The boats were drawn up and unloaded, and we set to work to get our lodgings in order. Bill said that we could catch some trout close by, so Angler launched his boat again, and they two went to catch the supper. Student, Moodie and myself, taking the axes and a huge bowie knife, set to chopping wood and brush to make the fire, and got the dishes—four tin-pans, and knives and forks to match—in readiness for supper. This achieved, we took our boat and went out to pick some cranberries. After a famous half-hour's picking, we were recalled by the halloo of Angler, who had returned in an ecstasy with half a dozen fine trout, averaging nearly a pound each. The fire was kindled, potatoes set to boiling, and, each one cooking his fish as he liked best, with butterless bread, and water from the lake, we made a hearty meal.

Refreshed, we set to work preparing for the night. The guides took the axes and went at cutting wood for the fire, chopping down the dead spruces and smaller beeches on the bank above the camp. We spread the dried grass out evenly, and then covered it with one blanket, our bed was made, and by this time the darkness was coming on. The cirri which had begun to gather when we left the cabin, had thickened to a dense veil, and the sun set invisible. Everything promised a rainy day for the morrow—not a star came out in the gloom, and as the night thickened around us, all objects were lost except those in the direct light of the fire. We took one of the boats and rowed out on the lake, and then laying on our oars, called to the guides to make a blaze. They threw on a quantity of the grass, which sent up a column of blaze at least ten feet into the air, illu-

minating the camp, and the trees and bushes around it, most brilliantly, while all around and beyond was lost in perfect darkness. The greens were as ruddy as in daylight, and the effect of the whole was most beautiful, yet with a something unaccountable and vague about it, which almost made one uneasy.

After our impromptu pyrotechnics had lost their novelty, we went back to our bark palace, and, having piled several huge logs on the fire, laid our boots down-heels to to tops, “one, one way, and one one way,” Bill had it, and wrapping our blankets around us, lay down, side by side, with our feet to the fire. The glowing pile threw its heat into the camp and rendered it as comfortable as could be desired, and we were soon sleeping soundly. I was awaked toward morning by the cold. The fire was low and smouldering, and the rain falling in a light but most unpromising drizzle. I nudged Moodie and told him to put some wood on the fire, an order which he obeyed without more than half-waking, and with a good deal of muttering and grumbling in his sleep; and, as the blaze took hold of the logs and began again to flicker up, restoring the vital warmth to my chilled limbs, I slept again.

At early daybreak the guides were stirring, and, the fire replenished, the kettle was put on to boil the potatoes, and the boats were put in readiness to fish. The guides, who were not accustomed to really good fly-fishing, assured us that in the place where we going to try our luck this morning we could not catch the large trout with flies. Nevertheless, Angler determined to try the ground, and, taking his boat and Bill, as usual, Student and I took the other with no intention of participating in the sport which Angler, from his previous evening's experience, assured us required the most careful fishing, from the perfect quiet of the water. So, leaving Moodie to watch the breakfast, we followed in the wake of Angler's boat, at a respectable distance.

*The Poetry of Architecture; or the Architecture of the Nations of Europe, considered in its Association with Natural Scenery and National Character.* By JOHN RUSKIN.

#### NO. II. THE COTTAGE.—CONCLUDING REMARKS.

“Nunquam aliud Natura, aliud Sapientia dixit.”—*Juv.*

It now only remains for us to conclude the subject of the Cottage, by a few general remarks on the just application of modern buildings to adorn or vivify natural scenery. There are, we think, only three cases in which the cottage is considered as an element of architectural, or any other kind of beauty, since it is ordinarily raised by the peasant where he likes, and how he likes; and, therefore, as we have seen, frequently in good taste. 1. When a nobleman, or man of fortune, amuses himself with superintending the erection of the domiciles of his domestics. 2. When ornamental summer-houses, or mimeries of wigwags, are to be erected as ornamental adjuncts to a prospect which the owner has done all he can to spoil, that it may be worthy of the honor of having him to look at it. 3. When the landlord exercises a certain degree of influence over the cottage

of his tenants, or the improvements of the neighboring village, so as to induce such a tone of feeling in the new erections as he may think suitable to their situation. In the first of these cases, there is little to be said; for the habitation of the domestic is generally a dependent feature of his master's, and, therefore, to be considered as a part of it. Porters' lodges are also dependent upon, and to be regulated by, the style of the architecture to which they are attached; and they are generally well managed in England, properly united with the gate, and adding to the effect of the entrance. In the second case, as the act is in itself a barbarism, it would be useless to consider what would be the best mode of perpetrating it. In the third case, we think it will be useful to apply a few general principles, deduced from positions formerly advanced. All buildings are, of course, to be considered in connection with the country in which they are to be raised. Now, all landscape must possess one out of four distinct characters. It must be either woody, the green country; cultivated, the blue country; or hilly, the brown country. 1. Woody or green country. By this is to be understood the mixture of park, pasture and variegated forest, which is only to be seen in temperate climates, and in those parts of a kingdom which have not often changed proprietors, (but have remained in unproductive beauty, or, at least, furnishing timber only), the garden of the wealthier population. It is to be seen in no other country, perhaps, so well as in England. In other districts, we find extensive masses of black forest, but not the mixture of sunny glade, and various foliage; and dewy sward, which we meet with in the richer park districts of England. This kind of country is always surgy, oceanic, and massy, in its outline. It never affords blue distance, unless seen from a height; and, even then, the nearer groups are large, and draw away the attention from the background. The under soil is kept cool by the shade, and its vegetation rich; so that the prevailing color, except for a few days at the fall of the leaf, is a fresh green. A good example of this kind of country is the view from Richmond Hill. Now, first, let us consider what sort of feeling this green country excites; and in order to do so, be it observed, that anything which is apparently enduring and unchangeable, gives us an impression rather of future, than of past, duration of existence; but anything which being perishable, and from its nature subject to change, has yet existed to a great age, gives us an impression of antiquity, though, of course, none of stability. A mountain, for instance (not geologically speaking, for then the furrows on its brow give it age as visible as was ever wrinkled on human forehead, but considering it as it appears to ordinary eyes), appears to be beyond the influence of change: it does not put us in mind of its past existence, by showing us any of the effect of time upon itself; we do not feel that it is old, because it is not approaching any kind of death: it is a mass of unsentient, undecaying matter, which, if we think about it, we discover must have existed for some time, but which does not tell this fact to our feelings, or rather, which tells us of no time at which it came into existence; and, therefore, gives us no stand-

ard by which to measure its age, which, unless measured, cannot be distinctly felt. But a very old forest-tree is a thing subject to the same laws of nature as ourselves: it is an energetic being, liable to, and approaching death; its age is written on every spray; and because we see it is susceptible of life and annihilation, like our own, we imagine it must be capable of the same feeling, and possess the same faculties, and, above all others, memory: it is always telling us about the past, never pointing to the future; we appeal to it as a thing which has seen and felt during a life similar to our own, though of ten times its duration, and therefore receive from it a perpetual impression of antiquity. So, again, a ruined tower gives us an impression of antiquity: the stones of which it is built, none; for their age is not written upon them. This being the case, it is evident that the chief feeling induced by woody country, is one of reverence for its antiquity. There is a quiet melancholy about the decay of the patriarchal trunks, which is enhanced by the green and elastic vigor of the young sapling; the noble forms of the forest aisles, and the subdued light which penetrates their entangled boughs, combined to add to the impression; and the whole character of the scene is calculated to excite conservative feeling. Now, this feeling of mixed melancholy and veneration is the one of all others which the modern cottage must not be allowed to violate. It may be fantastic or rich in detail; for the one character will make it look old-fashioned, and the other will assimilate with the intertwining of leaf and bough around it; but it must not be spruce, or natty, or very bright in color, and the older it looks the better. A little grotesqueness in form is the more allowable, because the imagination is naturally active in the obscure and indefinite daylight of wood scenery; conjures up innumerable beings of every size and shape, to people its alleys and smile through its thickets, and is by no means displeased to find some of its inventions half realized, in a decorated panel or grinning extremity of a rafter. These characters being kept in view, as objects to be attained, the remaining considerations are technical. For the form. Select any well-grown group of the tree which prevails most near the proposed site of the cottage. Its summit will be a rounded mass. Take the three principal points of its curve; namely, its apex and the two points where it unites itself with the neighboring masses. Strike a circle through these three points, and the angle contained in the segment cut off by a line joining, is to be the angle of the cottage roof. (Of course we are not thinking of interior convenience; the architect must establish his model of beauty first, and then approach it as nearly as he can.) This angle will generally be very obtuse; and this is one reason why the Swiss cottage is always beautiful when it is set among walnut or chestnut trees. Its obtuse roof is just about the true angle. With pines or larches the angle should not be regulated by the form of the tree, but by the slope of the branches. The building itself should be low and long, so that, if possible, it may not be seen all at once, but may be partially concealed by trunks or leafage at various distances. For the color, that of wood is

always beautiful. If the wood of the near trees be used, so much the better; but the timber should be rough-hewn, and allowed to get weather-stained. Cold colors will not suit with green, and, therefore, slated roofs are disagreeable, unless, as in the Westmoreland cottage, the grey roof is warmed with lichenous vegetation, when it will do well with anything, but thatch is better. If the building be not of wood, the walls may be built of anything which will give them a quiet and unobtruding warmth of tone. White, if in shade, is something allowable; but if visible at any point more than two hundred yards off, it will spoil the whole landscape. In general, as we saw before, the building will bear some fantastic finishing, that is, if it be entangled in forest; but if among massive groups of trees, separated by smooth sward, it must be kept simple. 2. The Cultivated, or blue country. This is the rich champaign land, in which large trees are more sparingly scattered, and which is chiefly devoted to the purpose of agriculture. In this we are perpetually getting blue distances from the slightest elevation, which are rendered more decidedly so by their contrast with warm corn or ploughed fields in the foreground. Such is the greater part of England. The view from the hills of Malvern is a good example. In districts of this kind, all is change; one year's crop has no memory of its predecessor; all is activity, prosperity, and usefulness; nothing is left to the imagination; there is no obscurity, no poetry, no nonsense; the colors of the landscape are bright and varied; it is thickly populated, and glowing with animal life. Here then the character of the cottage must be cheerfulness; its colors may be vivid; white is always beautiful; even red tiles are allowable, and red bricks endurable. Neatness will not spoil it; the angle of its roof may be acute, its windows sparkling, and its roses red and abundant; but it must not be ornamented nor fantastic, it must be evidently built for the uses of common life, and have a matter-of-fact business-like air about it. Its outhouses, and pigsties, and dunghills should, therefore, be kept in sight; the latter may be made very pretty objects by twisting them with the pitchfork, and plaiting them with braids, as the Swiss do. 3. The wild, or grey, country. "Wild" is not exactly a correct epithet; we mean wide, uninclosed, treeless undulations of land, whether cultivated or not. The greater part of northern France, though well brought under the plough, would come under the denomination of grey country. Occasional masses of monotonous forest do not destroy this character. Here, size is desirable, and massiness of form; but we must have no brightness of color in the cottage, otherwise it would draw the eye to it at three miles off, and the whole landscape would be covered with conspicuous dots. White is agreeable, if sobered down; slate allowable on the roof, as well as thatch. For the rest, we need only refer to the remarks formerly made on the propriety of the French cottage. Lastly, hill or brown, country. And here, if we look to England alone, as peculiarly a cottage country, the remarks formerly advanced, in the consideration of the Westmoreland cottage, are sufficient; but, if we go into mountain districts of more varied cha-

racter, we shall find a difference existing between every range of hills, which will demand a corresponding difference in the style of their cottages. The principles, however, are the same in all situations, and it would be a hopeless task to endeavor to give more than general principles. In hill-country, however, another question is introduced, whose investigation is peculiarly necessary in cases in which the ground has inequality of surface, that of position. And the difficulty here is, not so much to ascertain where the building ought to be, as to put it there, without suggesting any inquiry as to the mode in which it got there; to prevent its just application from appearing artificial. But, we cannot enter into this inquiry, before laying down a number of principles of composition, which are applicable, not only to cottages, but generally, and which we cannot deduce until we come to the consideration of buildings in groups. Such are the great divisions, under which country and rural buildings may be comprehended; but there are intermediate conditions, in which modified forms of the cottage are applicable; and it frequently happens that country which, considered in the abstract, would fall under one of these classes, possesses, owing to its peculiar climate or associations, a very different character. Italy, for instance, is blue country; yet it has not the least resemblance to English blue country. We have paid particular attention to wood; first, because we had not, in any previous paper, considered what was beautiful in a forest cottage; and, secondly, because in such districts there is generally much more influence exercised by proprietors over their tenantry, than in populous and cultivated districts; and our English park scenery, though exquisitely beautiful, is sometimes, we think, a little monotonous, from the want of this very feature. And now, farewell to the cottage, and, with it, to the humility of natural scenery. We are sorry to leave it; not that we have any idea of living in a cottage, as a comfortable thing; not that we prefer mud to marble, or deal to mahogany; but that, with it, we leave much of what is most beautiful of earth, the low and bee-inhabited scenery, which is full of quiet and prideless emotion, of such calmness as we can imagine prevailing over our earth when it was new in heaven. We are going into higher walks of architecture, where we shall find a less close connection established between the building and the soil on which it stands, or the air with which it is surrounded, but a closer connection with the character of its inhabitant. We shall have less to do with natural feeling, and more with human passion; we are coming out of stillness into turbulence—out of seclusion into the multitude—out of the wilderness into the world.

Oxford, Jan., 1883.

AN artist-wag has written the following on the last page of a catalogue of pictures to be sold in Baltimore the latter part of this month. The collection embraces the usual variety of old masters:—

The canvas-backs of Baltimore  
Are famous all the country o'er,  
But, as suggests itself at once,  
Do not the backs surpass the fronts?